

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prie.* Then brother *John* of *Lancaster*,  
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,  
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure ranfomelesse and free.  
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

*King.* Then this remaines that we diuide our Power:  
You Sonne *John*, and my Coulin *Westmerland*,  
Toward *York* shall bend you with your dearest speede,  
To meeete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,  
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:  
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,  
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.  
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,  
Meeting the checke of such another day:  
And since this businesse to faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

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*FINIS.*

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